

PROGRAM: "SECRET SERVICE SECRETS"
SCRIPT : NUMBER 5
DATE :

Carlson

WRITTEN BY: Hughes Allison

THE LOUISIANA LOTTERY

(COLD OPENING)

FADE IN

ON THE GLENN MILLER RECORDING, "WHEN YOU WISH UPON A STAR" (UP & UNDER FOLLOWING DIALOGUE:

JANE

My!.... now there's a recording I like, George.

FOSTER

(HE'S A BIT SOUR) And this makes how many times you've played it tonight?

JANE

Now George! What was it you said a few days ago? Wasn't it something like this: Jane, when we get hold of "When You Wish Upon A Star"....that little disc will bring our collection of Miller records up to date.

FOSTER

"When You Wish Upon A Star" is....is an old record.

JANE

Of course it is! But you said, when we got it....we'd play it and play it and.... (CHANGE OF TONE) Alright, George. The record has nothing to do with your rather surly mood. But I don't see that you need to....

FOSTER

(INTERRUPTING) Well then, why don't you have it out with me?!

JANE

There's nothing to have out, George!

FOSTER

Oh but there is!

JANE

Indeed?

FOSTER

Yes! You and your coworkers in your defense factory are just like that record....full of sweet wistfulness.

JANE

Certainly, all of us don't expect to win.

FOSTER

No one of you will really win. You'd realize that if you'd seen the radio script I've seen.

JANE

You don't seem to understand, George. Our lottery is a very private matter....just something to make the funds for war relief bigger through the....well, personal interest of the individual.

FOSTER

Fits right in with the radio script I saw. Humph!

JANE

Alright, Mr. Prude! You don't approve of a lottery....eventhough it's for a worthy cause. And by the way! How is it you happen to know what's in a SECRET SERVICE radio script?

FOSTER

Matter of radio script writers, Jane. They're either half-insane or half-literate. This one's half-literate. Can't spell. Got me to correct the spelling in his script.

JANE

Oh.

FOSTER

And since its time for my friend's script to go on the air (GOING AWAY) I'll just switch off the phonograph.

JANE

George, don't you meddle with....

SOUND

(AWAY) OUT RECORD.

FOSTER

(AWAY) Then you'll learn that lotteries....even among friends....don't pay....when I turn on the radio....and you hear tonight's SECRET SERVICE SECRETS!

SOUND

(AWAY) RADIO SWITCH.

MUSIC (FILTERED, AS IF ISSUED FROM LOUDSPEAKER) SIGNATURE:
SEMPER PARATUS (10 SECS & FADE UNDER:

LEEDS (FILTERED) SECRET SERVICE SECRETS!!!

MUSIC (FILTERED) UP & UNDER & THEN OUT

LEEDS (FILTERED) Ladies and gentlemen: Once again Chief Frank J. Wilson of the United States Secret Service invites the public to look at the files of his department.... through the medium of radio. And, as on a previous evening, your narrator is Agent A. E. Whittaker.

WHITTAKER (FILTERED) Who is neither a radio announcer nor a radio actor.

LEEDS (FILTERED) But who does know considerable about when and how the United States Secret Service waged a successful war against one of the most unwholesome lottery rings this country ever spawned. Tell us about it, Agent Whittaker.

WHITTAKER (GRADUALLY CHANGE FILTER OVER TO STRAIGHT MIKE) Well, Mr. Leeds, the criminals responsible for the case out of our files to night got the jump on us....in the matter of time.

LEEDS How was that?

WHITTAKER They began their racket forty years before secret service agents were called in to stop it.

LEEDS Then, you must have found a long, long trail before you.

WHITTAKER Yes, we did. And it wasn't until we got to the end of it that we were sure we knew how that trail began.

LEEDS I see.

WHITTAKER It was only then that we were positive that the Louisiana Lottery and the so-called Honduras Lottery were the

WHITTAKER (Cont'd) bi-products of the Civil War. (CHANGE OF TONE) In 1862, on a pitch-black street-corner in New Orleans, Louisiana, a young man, whose real name was David H. Jones, stood waiting and listening. When Jones heard footsteps approaching him....he began to whistle "Dixie!"

SOUND (FADE IN) APPROACHING FOOTSTEPS OF MAN ON STREET.

LEEDS (BEGIN FADING) A popular tune in the Civil War South.

JONES (FADE IN) WHISTLING "DIXIE".....

WHITTAKER (FADING) And something else....a crime....was about to be made popular, all over a war-torn country....

SOUND (CLOSER) APPROACHING FOOTSTEPS.

JONES (CLOSER) WHISTLING "DIXIE"

SOUND CUT FOOTSTEPS.

CONRAD (AWAY) (CALLING) That you, Dave?

JONES (CUT WHISTLING) (AT MIKE) (A BIT IRRITATED) By some strange whim of pure chance....is that Paul Conrad's voice I hear in the dark?

CONRAD (AWAY) Don't mount your high horse, Dave. I got here as soon as I could.

SOUND FOOTSTEPS COMING TO MIKE & CUT.

JONES It's about time! Expected you before it got dark.

CONRAD (AT MIKE) Train was late pulling into New Orleans. You should have met me at the depot anyhow. Or can't you be seen in a public place around here?

JONES Never take a chance on the folks around you in a railroad station, Dave.

CONRAD (LAUGHS) So you been lifting a few watches in the New Orleans Depot. Heavy work, huh?

JONES I see where we'd better get a few things straight, Paul. I told you six months ago....I was finished with small change stuff.

CONRAD So you did. But talk is one thing. And getting rich is another.

JONES Let's walk along here. You and I have an appointment with a medium sized Southern aristocrat and physicianby name, Dr. Robert A. Deflin.

SOUND TWO MEN WALKING ON STREET. (HOLD)

CONRAD Never heard of him. What medicine show is he working?

JONES I beg to inform you, my friend, that we're as finished with medicine shows as we are done with releaving absent-minded citizens in railway depots of their watches and sundry other trinkets.

CONRAD Speak for yourself, Dave. I will eat. But I won't work. Conclusion! The law and I seldom sit in the same pew.

JONES Oh by the way! Just now you implied that I might have so compromised myself with the law....that the guardians of said institution in New Orleans have designs upon my freedom.

CONRAD Well? Exactly how far ahead of the sheriff are you?

JONES Paul, here in New Orleans I've become the pride and joy of the city's citizenry....including the sheriff.

CONRAD Then this city's citizenry....including the sheriff.... must have bared their heads too long to the hot Southern sun!

JONES On the contrary. Here, I've gained the reputation of being a reformed yankee.

CONRAD (LAUGHS) I see! (CHANGE OF TONE) What's your game down here, Dave?

JONES First, a question.

CONRAD Ask it.

JONES I didn't meet you at the depot because I wanted to make sure you're away ahead of sheriffs and similar busy-bodies. Who's in the lead?

CONRAD Nobody with a star over his heart followed me here.... if that's what you want to know.

JONES You sure?

CONRAD Look, Dave. The sheriffs in Maryland have been too busy catching runaway slaves, for the last six months, to care about what I was doing. Lots of money in catching escaped blacks these days. I've sold a few back to their masters myself. In fact, if you haven't got something good up your sleeve....I'm going into the fugitive slave business....in a rather large way.

JONES Not when you hear what I've got to say.

CONRAD I've big ears. And a little tongue.

JONES Fine! Listen then. The South's discovered it can't run a war without money. Lincoln's blockade has cut the Confederacy off, almost entirely from Europe. So the South can't get guns and ammunition from that source.

CONRAD No gun-running for me, brother. I know the Union navy has even got the British thinking.

JONES I thought you had a little tongue?!

CONRAD Sure! But I keep a well oiled pair of hinges on it.

JONES Save the oil....put it on your ears....and throw away the hinges on that tongue of yours, Paul. And you might as well get this straight too!

CONRAD I know that part of it by heart. You want to be the boss of this still undisclosed enterprise.

JONES Exactly! And the Big Boss

CONRAD Well, Dave....for a fellow just twenty-five years old, I'll give you credit for a clear, long-range brain. But make this good....if you want to be my boss.

JONES Alright! The Confederacy's got to build its own factories....if it wants to stay in this war.

CONRAD The South's whipping the daylights out of the North right now.

JONES But she's using up all her powder. And she's got to have more of it. That means money. And you know how folks.... even yankee-hating Southerners....hold on to that stuff.

CONRAD What about Confederate bonds?

JONES No return on the investment until after the war. The head boys in Gray have found that out. Few sales.

CONRAD What then?

JONES A lottery.

CONRAD I can hear the suckers gather! Say-on, my friend.

JONES Well, a group of New Orleans aristocrats, headed by Dr. Defling....

CONRAD The gent we're on our way to see?

JONES The same. As I was saying....this group, headed by the good doctor, proposed the matter of a lottery.

CONRAD Which was just your meat.

JONES Right. But, in wiggling my way into the game, I played my cards the safe way.

CONRAD I suppose you got in with the opposition to the lottery?

JONES And made my voice the loudest, most flowery that the opposition had:

CONRAD Which....for a yankee among Southerners, and at a time like this....is worthy of a prize.

JONES As you say. And this is what happened. I simply let the Defling crowd convince me that I had been wrong in proposing a lottery, insisted that I right the terrible wrong by playing a prominent part in organizing the machinery of said game of chance, and came off with the job of handling just about all there is to the thing.

CONRAD Smart lad! What next?

JONES You, my friend....Mr. Paul Conrad....are to be the president of what shall be known as the Louisiana Lottery.

CONRAD Providing what little consideration....other than I take orders from you?

JONES That little consideration....is a matter of politics. Defling is handling that end of it. And here we are at his home. Mind the dark. Up these steps.

SOUND TWO MEN WALKING UP STEPS. DOOR KNOCKER. SHORT PAUSE. DOOR OPENS.

MRS. DEFLING (A LITTLE AWAY) Come in, Mr. Jones. Come in, gentlemen. (APOLOGETICALLY) With....er matters so unsettled among the slaves, we send the servants to bed early these nights.

JONES So charming a butler, madam, is our good fortune.

MRS. DEFLING (LAUGHING) Such a complement, sir. This way.

SOUND FOOTSTEPS. CLOSE DOOR. FOOTSTEPS.

JONES Allow me to present, er Mr. Conrad, Mrs. Defling.

CONRAD Mrs. Defling.

MRS. DEFLING My compliments, sir. (CHANGE OF TONE) In here, gentlemen.

CONRAD Thank you.

MRS. DEFLING The doctor had to go out....a pressing business matter.

JONES Oh?

MRS. DEFLIN But he left this note for you, sir.

JONES Ah! Thank you.

MRS. DEFLIN Perhaps a bit of port, gentlemen?

JONES We didn't really mean to make you the butler, madam.

SOUND FOOTSTEPS GOING AWAY.

MRS. DEFLIN (GOING AWAY) It's no bother, sir. Not a-tall. Just make yourselves comfortable....

JONES Thank you.

SOUND FADE FOOTSTEPS.

CONRAD Open the letter, Dave.

JONES Right.

SOUND RATTLING PAPER & CUT.

CONRAD How goes it?

JONES A little bad news. A few of the old opposition bunchfriends of General George Johnston too....are still kicking. We'll have to watch them.

CONRAD What good news?

JONES The best. Deflin's worked that little matter of politics to the hilt. The Confederate state of Louisiana is going to make our enterprise official....by giving the Louisiana Lottery a charter.

CONRAD So we're legitimate, huh?

JONES For a while, anyhow. And meantime, we'll give the suckers a nice run for their money. Get hold of that fellow with the printing press. You know, the one who used to fashion our medicine-show stuff.

CONRAD John Roberts?

JONES That's the one. Start him printing tickets. In a month, I want Louisiana Lottery tickets in every state there is....Confederate or Union. And I want those tickets right, too....if you know what I mean.

CONRAD I know what you mean. But tell me....while I'm working for you as president....what'll you be doing?

JONES Me? Oh, I'll be doing two very important things. I'll be doing your thinking. And I'll be getting rich.

CONRAD (FADING) But where does the Confederacy come in?

JONES (FADE) As far as I'm concerned....it's on its way out.

(SLIGHT PAUSE)

LEEDS (FADE IN) A pair of cheerful crooks, Agent Whittaker.

WHITTAKER And they cheerfully took the people's money Mr. Leeds. The Civil War, its issues, and which side won that conflict, was just an incident to Jones and Conrad. They even had lottery ticket venders in the North. In fact it was not uncommon for a Northerner in a Union town (FADE) to be approached by a vender and....

MUSIC "JOHN BROWN'S BODY (UP & UNDER & OUT;

MAN Now listen, lady. Don't you want to get even with the Rebs....your ownself....for killing your husband?

WOMAN It wasn't my husband I lost at Gettysburg. It was my son.

MAN Well, you lost somebody. So get even with the Confederates.

WOMAN How?

MAN All it takes is two dollars. Buy yourself a Louisiana lottery ticket....and take anything from seventy-five dollars to seventy-five thousand from the Rebs.

WOMAN But I don't see that I can spare....

MAN Lady, this is the last ticket to be had. You've heard about the Louisiana Lottery, ain't you? Remember about that gent in Philadelphia that won twenty-five thousand at the last drawing? You read about that, didn't you?

WOMAN Yes, I did read about that. But....

MAN But what? Let yourself own this last ticket....and who knows? Folks'll be reading about you!

WOMAN (FADE) It's just taking a chance. But it's only two dollars worth of chance.

(SLIGHT PAUSE)

WHITTAKER (FADE IN) All during the Civil War, Mr. Leeds, the Louisiana Lottery was never anything but a crooked enterprise. Shortly after the war, when there was no longer a need to use the Confederacy as a front, the crooks that ran the show took the breaks off the business. And one day in Paul Conrad's New Orleans office....Conrad

(FADE) had to face an enraged Southerner of prominence....

(SLIGHT PAUSE)

JOHNSTON (FADE IN) (ANGRY AND LOUD) If I'd had my way, suh!, you'd never have started this dirty, crooked, devilish business in the fair state of Louisiana!

CONRAD Sounds like you're running for office, General Johnston.

JOHNSTON You know dad-blasted well, suh!....that a Confederate General is barred from holding office in the South.

CONRAD That's right. You folks did lose the war. Too bad.

JOHNSTON This is one fight we won't lose....kicking you and that silver tongued Jones out of Louisiana! If I'd had my way in the beginning....

CONRAD (INTERRUPTING SMOOTHLY) But you didn't have your way in

CONRAD (Cont'd) the beginning, General.

JOHNSTON I'll have it now, suh! Or I'll have your neck.

CONRAD Perhaps. But....in the meantime....why not disclose to me the substance of your complaint against the lottery.

JOHNSTON It's crooked!

CONRAD Is that your opinion? Or do you have any facts?

JOHNSTON I know it's crooked.

CONRAD Why not take your knowledge to the Legislature. If you're right....and can prove it....perhaps they'll take away our charter.

JOHNSTON The Legislature is as crooked as you are, suh! They know already how you fix your tickets.

CONRAD And exactly how do we fix our tickets, General?

JOHNSTON You never sell the originals that win in your dad-blasted drawings, suh.

CONRAD Well! Go on, General.

JOHNSTON You and Jones and your printer, John Roberts, and your cheap, yankee venders keep the originals for yourselves.

CONRAD Yes? Go on.

JOHNSTON You put the duplicates of your pet tickets in the bowl for the drawing....so you can't miss. The rest of us are left out....without a chance of winning. The South is poor enough now, suh. And you yankee thieves are emptying her pockets of more than a few millions every year, suh! Take your blasted blood-sucking business out of the state of Louisiana, suh!....or I swear you'll hear from me, suh!

CONRAD (FADE) I hear you now, General....in one ear and out the other.... Goodday, suh.

MUSICAL BRIDGE

SOUND MAN PACING UP AND DOWN FLOOR.

JONES Oh sit down, Paul....and take a load off your feet.

CONRAD Dave, I tell you I'm worried!

JONES The worrying is in my department, Paul....and I don't feel as if I have a care in the world.

CONRAD But you didn't have to wonder if Johnston was going to....well, every second he was in here I....I....

JONES He didn't pull a gun on you, did he?

CONRAD Not this time....he didn't. And if you're in your right mind....you know you can't buy him off.

JONES Look, Paul. In the last few years....you and I have cleared more than ten million dollars from the wistfulness of fools. New suckers get born every minute. And all of 'em....want something....in fact, a lot....for practically nothing. We're not done yet. So sit down and listen.

SOUND CUT PACING ON FLOOR.

CONRAD Alright. I'll listen. But first, what do we do about Johnston? Get rid of him?

JONES How?

CONRAD Lots of lonely roads and deep rivers around.

JONES Don't you be one of the fools. (CHANGE OF TONE) Oh sure! In time, we'll find the road rocky. Johnston will see to that. In fact, right now he's making the supreme sacrifice....that is, for a Southerner....to put rocks in our way.

CONRAD What's he up to, Dave?

JONES Rumor has it, that General George G. Johnston....late

JONES (Cont'd) of the Confederate Army....is on his way North to enlist the moral and financial support of yankees....to put us out of business.

CONRAD Suppose he gets it?

JONES (FADE) If he gets it....I'll have to do some thinking.

(SLIGHT PAUSE)

LEEDS (FADE IN) Exactly what came of General Johnston's visit North, Agent Whittaker?

WHITTAKER The old Confederate army man found the going tough in New York where he went first. But he was a determined fellow. While in New York, though, Johnston learned that a Dr. Lyman Abbott and a Mr. Samuel Homer Woodbridge.... both of Boston....might help him if he approached them. Somehow, Johnston discovered that Abbott and Woodbridge were in New York. But the General didn't catch up with them until they were on a train bound for Boston. And on that train, Johnston....

(SLIGHT PAUSE)

SOUND (FADE IN) TRAIN UNDER WAY.

JOHNSTON (FADE IN) Now gentlemen....what I've just told you is the real truth behind the Louisiana Lottery.

ABBOTT Well, general....both Mr. Woodbridge and myself have already heard about the lottery. But er....er what do you propose that we do about it?

JOHNSTON Well, Dr. Abbott, the South is poor now....as you know.

WOODBIDGE You rebels would fight us, Johnston.

JOHNSTON And a dad-blasted good fight we handed you too, suh!

ABBOTT (CLEARS THROAT) That's neither here nor there....now.

JOHNSTON That's correct, suh. And while I recognize the delicacy of the subject, gentlemen, I would like to er....well put forth the suggestion that er....

WOODBIDGE This reb wants money, Abbott.

ABBOTT And if we saw our way clear to help you....say, with a small sum....what would you do with it, General?

WOODBIDGE A literary campaign against the lottery would be the best thing, Abbott.

JOHNSTON (EXPLODING) A literary campaign! What we want is money to buy dynamite....so we can blow that dad-blasted Jones and Conrad clean out of Louisiana! (SNORTS) A literary campaign! You yanks are crazy! A literary campaign!

WOODBIDGE Oh no, Johnston! We've perfectly good sense. So you don't think much of a literary campaign, huh? Well, I remember one piece of literature that served us yanks well. Mighty, mighty well! Ever hear of "Uncle Tom's Cabin", Johnston?

JOHNSTON I fought you yanks four years about it, suh. (LAUGHS LOUD AND HEARTY)

SOUND (FADE) TRAIN.

 (SLIGHT PAUSE)

WHITTAKER (FADE IN) Johnston got enough money from the North, Mr. Leeds, to wage a vigorous literary campaign against the Louisiana Lottery. As a result....in 1886, it became illegal to send lottery tickets through the mails....in 1892 the State of Louisiana refused to renew the lottery company's charter....in 1895 lottery tickets could not be shipped from one State to another by express;

LEEDS I suppose that just about put Jones and Conrad out of business.

WHITTAKER

On the contrary.

LEEDS

What!

WHITTAKER

Lottery tickets, even with those set-backs, were flooding the whole United States. In twenty-five years, the immense sum of three hundred million dollars had reached the hands of the lottery operators, who let only a small percentage of it go back to the public in prizes. But in 1902, at the request of the Attorney General, a group of Secret Service Agents was loaned to the Department of Justice. Then one day....in the office of Chief John E. (FADE) Wilkie....the apprehension of the lottery ring got under way.

MUSICAL BRIDGE.

SOUND

DOOR CLOSING. FOOTSTEPS COMING TO MIKE.

WILKIE

Good morning, Donaghy. Anything new on the Louisiana Lottery crowd?

DONAGHY

(COMING TO MIKE) Chief Wilkie, I rather suspect we're well on the way toward solving our first little mystery.

WILKIE

That would be how the tickets get from city to city in the country in such huge lots.

DONAGHY

Yes sir.

WILKIE

Alright, let's have the story.

DONAGHY

Short and simple. Trusted lottery messengers carry the tickets about from city to city in trunks.

WILKIE

I see. Now what's this about their printing plants being in Honduras?

DONAGHY

Mostly a blind. Jones and Conrad did try to set up in Honduras. They have a steamer, "The Breakwater," plying between Puerto Cortez and Tampa.

WILKIE You say John and Conrad did try to set up business in Honduras.

DONAGHY Yes sir. But that country wouldn't have 'em....kicked the lottery out. Really, ~~they're~~ printing tickets in Florida.

WILKIE Raid 'em there.

DONAGHY Can't....for the time being. There's a joker in the Florida law.

WILKIE What about Conrad and Jones? How do they shape up for an arrest?

DONAGHY With a forty year lead on us, Chief, Conrad and Jonesboth of them over sixty years old now....are bold but slick gentlemen. Read this.

SOUND PAPER RATTLING.

WILKIE A theater program advertisement, huh?

DONAGHY Yes sir.

WILKIE (READING) "Paul Conrad, former President of the Louisiana Lottery Company, is now engaged in the ice business, with manufacturing plant at Puerto Cortez, Honduras. Orders sent to his office address, Port Tampa, Florida, will receive prompt attention"

DONAGHY And as for Jones....he's dropped completely out of sight. No trace of him anywhere.

WILKIE But his business seems to run along smoothly enough.

DONAGHY Chief, as I said before, Jones and Conrad have a forty year lead on us.

WILKIE Well, don't you let it take you forty years to catch up with them, Donaghy.

DONAGHY (FADE)
I think I see what you mean, Chief Wilkie.

(SLIGHT PAUSE)

WHITTAKER

(FADE IN) Yes, Mr. Leeds. Agent Donaghy saw exactly what Chief Wilkie meant. And for the next four years, Donaghy and a large group of Secret Service Agents spread out over the country like the ribs of a huge umbrella. They made arrests of lottery ticket venders and distributors from whom they gathered valuable bits of information. The reports poured into headquarters at Washington.

MUSIC

UP & UNDER

SOUND

(FADE IN) TELEGRAPH KEY POUNDING AWAY (HOLD)

VOICE

(FILTERED) Agent in Fort Wayne reporting. Two lottery ticket venders....arrested here. One vender talked quite a bit. Says only a few tickets he sold were sent to him from Florida.

MUSIC

UP & UNDER

VOICE

(FILTERED) Lottery distributor put under arrest in Jersey City. Have reason to believe he got tickets elsewhere than Florida.

MUSIC

UP & UNDER

VOICE

(FILTERED) Chicago Agent reporting. Six arrests. All venders. All refused to give information.

MUSIC

UP & UNDER

VOICE

(FILTERED) New York Agent reporting. No arrests here as yet. Have valuable lead from anti-lottery leader here in this city. More later.

MUSIC

UP & UNDER

VOICE

(FILTERED) PHILADELPHIA AGENT! IMPORTANT! Ticket venders and distributors here have their eyes on New York City.

VOICE (Cont'd) Higher ups in racket watching New York carefully. Suggest Chief Wilkie or Agent Donaghy check matter with New York Agent.

MUSIC UP & UNDER.

VOICE (FILTERED) New York Agent reporting on recent tip. This is the story. Known vender owes anti-lottery leader here five dollar debt. Vender trying to square debt by giving anti-lottery leader five dollar lottery ticket. Matter not clear to us here yet. More following.

MUSIC UP & UNDER

VOICE (FILTERED) Port Wayne Agent reporting. Am sure now lottery printing plants elsewhere than Florida. Suspect printing plants of huge size are in at least nine large cities in this country. Following this up.

MUSIC UP & UNDER.

VOICE (FILTERED) Chicago Agent reporting. IMPORTANT! Arrests here. Vender talked. Said Chicago is big lottery headquarters. Confessed that higher-ups here are worried about New York City. Found out that anti-lottery leader there accepted five dollar lottery ticket in payment of debt owed him by New York vender. Check.

SOUND CUT TELEGRAPH KEY.

MUSIC UP & OUT.

DONAGHY (FADE IN) Now, sir....isn't it a fact that sometime ago you gave a Secret Service Agent here in New York a tip concerning a lottery ticket vender?

MAN Right now, I don't remember.

DONAGHY I suggest that that vender owed you five dollars, sir.

MAN Someone may have owed me such a debt. I don't recall.

DONAGHY I further suggest that the vender gave you a lottery ticket in payment of that debt he owed you.

MAN I don't recall such a thing....just at the moment.

DONAGHY I see. Perhaps you'll have a better memory after the drawing for that ticket is held.

MAN Maybe. I'm getting old. Don't always remember things
(FADE)
like I used to....

(SLIGHT PAUSE)

SOUND TELEPHONE RINGING. RECEIVER TAKEN OFF HOOK.

WILKIE Chief Wilkie speaking.

DONAGHY (FILTERED) Donaghy, Chief. Calling from New York.

WILKIE Yes, Donaghy?

DONAGHY (FILTER) About that so-called anti-lottery leader I interviewed here last week.

WILKIE Has he made up his mind to talk?

DONAGHY (FILTERED) No sir. Seems to have lost his memory....completely now.

WILKIE How'd that happen, Donaghy?

DONAGHY (FILTER) The lottery drawing caused it, sir. The five dollar ticket....the vender gave him....carefully manipulated by the racket higher-ups....drew a prize of seventy-five thousand dollars.

WILKIE The public will never learn, Donaghy. Forget that lead. There's another lead in Wilmington, Delaware. Take the next train. Agents in Wilmington will bring you up-to-date. Good luck.

SOUND PLACE RECEIVER ON HOOK.

MUSICAL BRIDGE

SOUND NOISES AT RAILROAD STATION.

AGENT (FADE IN) Glad you came to Wilmington, Donaghy. I think we've got something here.

DONAGHY I hope so, brother. I've been chasing this lottery crowd since 1902. And fellow!....this is May, 1906.

AGENT Don't forget, Donaghy....the Louisiana Lottery Company had a jump of forty years on the United States Secret Service.

DONAGHY What's the lay-out here?

AGENT A printing plant. And is it big? Huge, is the word.

DONAGHY Are the Agents here ready for a raid?

AGENT Whenever you say!

DONAGHY I say....we raid tonight!

SOUND CUT RAILROAD NOISES.

MUSICAL BRIDGE

DONAGHY (CALLING) Alright, gentlemen. Open the doors. And not too gently. In fact....break the doors down!

SOUND DOORS BATTERED IN

AD-LIB: "Stand where you are!" "Grab him!" "Out back, it's the cops!" "Federal's!" "Secret Service men!"

SOUND FADE NOISE OF ABOVE RAID.

WHITTAKER (FADE IN) After that raid in Wilmington, Mr. Leeds, the case of the Louisiana Lottery was well on its way toward a successful finale.

LEEDS Did Agent Donaghy pick up either of the two cheerful crooks, Conrad or Jones?

WHITTAKER No. But they did get John H. Roberts, the printer that Conrad hired way back in 1862. Roberts was old and tired (FADE) and very willing to talk.

(SLIGHT PAUSE)

ROBERTS (FADE IN) You say I've made money. Wait'll you see Conrad and Jones....especially Jones. He's rolling in the stuff, I hear.

DONAGHY You hear?

ROBERTS Sure, that's all. I just hear about Jones. He's going under another name now.

DONAGHY What about Paul Conrad?

ROBERTS I'll tell you about old Paul....if you make it light on me?

DONAGHY I just catch crooks. What happens to 'em after that.... I leave to a jury and a judge.

ROBERTS Well, I'm an old man now....started out printing labels for bottles sold in medicine shows. Used to put up a set of trick playing cards now and then. Tell you what I'll do for you?

DONAGHY Yes?

ROBERTS You tell the jury and judge I told you....like a good citizen....that you can find Paul Conrad at the Company's printing plant in Mobile, Alabama, around the first of the year. He goes there around then.

(FADE)

DONAGHY I just catch crooks, Roberts. And that's all I do.

(SLIGHT PAUSE)

WHITTAKER (FADE IN) Sometime during the last of 1906, Mr. Leeds, some very valuable reports began to come into Washington from Chicago.

MUSIC UP & UNDER

SOUND TELEGRAPH KEY CLICKING AWAY.

VOICE (FILTERED) Chicago Agent reporting. Louisiana and Hon-

VOICE (Cont'd) duras Lotteries set up in headquarters here....under the name of the Old Reliable Guaranty Loan and Trust Company. Outfit has four offices....all luxuriously furnished. Have Agents planted in all said offices. They report little, except that a D. H. Kissam seems to be vaguely connected with enterprize. No direct evidence on him. Kissam is very wealthy. Just lost two million dollars in market speculations. But told newspaper men, who interviewed him about lost....that he never worries.

SOUND

CUT TELEGRAPH KEY.

MUSIC

UP & OUT.

WHITTAKER

(FADE IN) In November, 1907, Agent Donaghy, Chief Wilkie, and a group of Secret Service men raided the four offices of the Old Reliable Guaranty Loan And Trust Company in Chicago. They went through the files of each establishment carefully. But they couldn't find a single concrete bit of evidence which would supply a clue to D. H. Kissam. However, later that same night....Donaghy and Chief Wilkie went to the Great Northern hotel where Kissam lived in lavish style. There, Donaghy and Wilkie had a talk with Kissam.

(SLIGHT PAUSE)

KISSAM

(FADE IN) Nice of you to pay me this little call, gentlemen, but what have I to do with....er what is it you want?

DONAGHY

About that two million dollars you lost last year, Mr. Kissam? How did you come to lose so much money?

KISSAM

Wistfulness got the best of me, I guess. Wanted to gamble a little. Lost. That's all.

WILKIE Mr. Kissam, is it possible....that you were cheated out of your money?

KISSAM Me? Cheated? Hardly!

WILKIE About how old are you, Mr. Kissam?

KISSAM What's my age to do with....

DONAGHY (INTERRUPTING) I'd say you were about seventy, Mr. Kissam.

KISSAM Well, as a matter of fact....but do I look that....

WILKIE (INTERRUPTING) What do the initials....D and H....stand for Mr. Kissam?

DONAGHY Would the initial....D....stand for David, Mr. Kissam?

WILKIE Ever live in New Orleans, Mr. Kissam? Say....during the Civil War?

SOUND (AWAY) KNOCK ON DOOR.

DONAGHY (CALLING) Come in!

KISSAM I'll beg you, sir, to let me invite guests into my hotel suite!

SOUND (AWAY) DOOR OPENS & CLOSSES & FOOTSTEPS APPROACHING MIKE.

WILKIE But this guest is an old friend of yours, Mr. Kissam!

KISSAM What!

SOUND CUT FOOTSTEPS.

DONAGHY Don't you know this gentleman, Mr. Kissam? He's about your age.

KISSAM Never saw him before....in my life.

CONRAD It's no go, Dave. I didn't take the hinges off my little tongue....after all. And it got oily when these very nice gentlemen picked me up in Mobile last February. In fact....I just couldn't tell a lie....'twas the twenty second....Washington's birthday....the day they picked me up.

KISSAM

(LAUGHS) I've heard you do better than that, Paul. But then, we're both getting old....and the bluff's about over I guess. (CHANGE OF TONE) Yes, gentlemen. I'm the man you want, David H. Jones. Come along now and let the grandfather of the lottery racket tell you the real story....from the beginning to the end.

(SLIGHT PAUSE)

LEEDS

And was that the end, Agent Whittaker?

WHITTAKER

Just about, Mr. Leeds, with both Conrad and Jones in jail. They lasted....with the racket they had....much longer than most criminals.

LEEDS

And did Jones keep his word about telling all?

WHITTAKER

(FILTER FOLLOWING SPEECH SO THAT IT COMES AS IF FROM LOUDSPEAKER) Yes, he did. Gave us a complete history of the Louisiana and Honduras Lotteries. And you know, at a time like this....with Hitler giving us trouble in one way or another....it would be a fine thing if Americans would stop being suckers, and let lotteries alone.

SOUND

(AWAY) RADIO SWITCH.

FOSTER

(COMING TO MIKE) Did you hear that last suggestion, Jane?

JANE

I did.

FOSTER

Of course the lottery your co-workers are thinking of getting up among yourselves....seems harmless. But there are two thousand of you in that war plant. It only takes one bad egg to start a racket. So if you want to raise money for Chinese war relief....do it without a lottery. The Chinese....in the end....will get the money meant for them. And Secret Service Agents can give more at-

FOSTER (Cont'd) tention to Hitler breast-beaters....like George
Sylvester Viereck. Why that bum was around giving
trouble in the first World War! You'll hear about that
about this time....next week. When SECRET SERVICE
SECRETS is on the air.

MUSIC

SIGNATURE (UP & UNDER CREDITS)